

SONG OF A MAN WHO IS
NOT LOVED

THE space of the world is immense, before me and
around me;

If I turn quickly, I am terrified, feeling space
surround me;

Like a man in a boat on very clear, deep water,
space frightens and confounds me.

I see myself isolated in the universe, and wonder
What effect I can have. My hands wave under
The heavens like specks of dust that are floating
asunder.

I hold myself up, and feel a big wind blowing
Me like a gadfly into the dusk, without my know-
ing
Whither or why or even how I am going.

So much there is outside me, so infinitely
Small am I, what matter if minutely
I beat my way, to be lost immediately?

How shall I flatter myself that I can do
Anything in such immensity? I am too

Little to count in the wind that drifts me through.

GLASHÜTTE

SINNERS

THE big mountains sit still in the afternoon light

Shadows in their lap;

The bees roll round in the wild-thyme with de-

light.

We sitting here among the cranberries

So still in the gap

Of rock, distilling our memories

Are sinners! Strange! The bee that blunders

Against me goes off with a laugh.

A squirrel cocks his head on the fence, and

wonders

What about sin?--For, it seems

The mountains have

No shadow of us on their snowy forehead of

dreams

As they ought to have. They rise above us

Dreaming

For ever. One even might think that they love us.

Little red cranberries cheek to cheek,

Two great dragon-flies wrestling;

You, with your forehead nestling

Against me, and bright peak shining to peak--

There's a love-song for you!--Ah, if only

There were no teeming

Swarms of mankind in the world, and we were

less lonely!

MAYRHOFEN